

## The Chicago Eagle

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HENRY F. DONOVAN.

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ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS TO  
HENRY F. DONOVAN, Editor and Proprietor,  
604 TEUTONIC BUILDING,  
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LARGEST

WEEKLY CIRCULATION

IN CHICAGO.

## NO SALARY FOR SCHOOL BOARD PRESIDENT.

It is to be hoped that the Board of Education will not be led into the mistake of appropriating or setting aside a salary for the president of that body.

In the first place such an act would be illegal and could, we believe, be set aside, or enjoined by any taxpayer through the courts.

It is difficult to see under the circumstances how the members of the School Board or any one else who understands the law in the matter could give any such proposition a moment's serious consideration.

In the second place membership on the School Board of Chicago, has always been considered an honor, one that is conferred upon public spirited citizens, who have the interests of the people sufficiently at heart to devote part of their time without remuneration to the supervision of the great work of education of the youth. To make of the presidency of the School Board a salaried job would be to lower a high honorary office into a mere mercenary affair.

To be sure the duties of president of the Board of Education are sometimes onerous and exacting, but then none should aspire to it but those who have sufficient means, leisure, and public spirit to devote to it free of charge to the public.

There have been always plenty of such citizens in Chicago in the past, and we know there are plenty such still with us.

It is citizens of this kind whose services to the people are always the

most valuable, and it is to citizens of this kind that the affairs of the public school system should be confided and not to job hunters who would soon get possession of it if the trusteeship were salaried instead of honorary offices.

## GALLERY PLAY INVESTIGATIONS.

Two more of the city administration gallery play investigations have recently collapsed like soap bubbles. One of these, which was evolved from the city council, related to an alleged combination between the big ice companies to force up the price of that commodity during the hot weather.

The other was the so-called "police graft" investigation, involving certain officers and portions of the Harrison street district.

It now looks more than likely that the Health Department investigation will follow suit.

These are but cases in point of the influence as well as the disturbing influence of these gallery play investigations. The froth and fury churned up over the police graft and Health Department investigations, have resulted in nothing save a partial demoralization in these two branches of the public service.

There seems to be an inordinate desire on the part of some people to be forever investigating somebody else. In the course of which all kinds of charges and innuendoes are bandied about and people's reputations are kicked around like footballs. Then when the case has been simmered down to cold facts and nothing but idle gossip and wind has been found back of it, those who have been raising the investigation rumpus sneak out of it with some sort of a miserable little explanation.

There should be some means of redress for people whose reputations are tarnished by buncombe investigations.

## DISCRIMINATION UNDER THE BUILDING LAW.

Last week the Eagle had occasion to draw attention to the discrimination which the city council seems bent upon making with regard to the enforcement of the building ordinance in the down town districts. It drew attention at that time to the injustice of passing an ordinance compelling John Fornicari, a reputable La Salle street merchant tailor, to tear down a bay window for which he had been previously granted a permit, while all along the same street for blocks on either side of him were other stores and shops in the peaceful and undisturbed occupation of similar structures. Since that we have been looking a little further into this matter, and if the information which is at hand is true, not only would interference with Mr. Fornicari in this regard be an injustice and an outrage, but it could be made the basis of a movement which would result in a tearing down of structures erected in violation of law beside which the Fornicari affair would be as a molehill to a mountain.

Why, let us ask, should this merchant be attacked when sky scrapers and palaces of trade on other down town thoroughfares are constructed and maintained in open defiance of law? For instance, it has been asserted that one of these mammoth concerns has been built fully seven feet outside the building line. Think of it, hundreds of feet, every foot of which is worth a marvelous price, taken from the public thoroughfare at one clip.

Can this be true? If so who is responsible for it? Did the city council or the other authorities in office when this structure was being erected know about it? If so why did they keep silent about it?

Meantime, where is the consistency, the reason or the fair play in making such a rumpus about a little bay window on La Salle street which is in nobody's way, when dolmets like that previously referred to are allowed to go on without a word about them.

## THE POLICE AND THE PAYROLL PICNIC.

During the past week the police force was, it is alleged, compelled to work for the benefit of the payroll picnic called in the name of Democracy.

Every man in the force was furnished with a bunch of tickets, which, it is said, were "not returnable."

This, of course, would leave the officers no recourse but to keep them themselves whenever they found they could not dispose of them.

The picnic as a general proposition is elsewhere discussed, and we refer to the "working" of the police force merely as an illustration of the kind of "outpouring" of the Democracy at which the "keynote" of the party platform for 1904 is to be sounded.

Meantime the Eagle would like to know what the Civil Service Commission is going to do about it.

Now that the Commission has got its hand in at police department investigations, perhaps it may try an experiment in regard to this incident which would repay inquiry.

## HANDS OFF THE WATER SYSTEM.

There seems to be a disposition in certain circles to "lay hands" on the water system of Chicago.

Measures of a suspicious character, to say the least, are coming up, calculated to interfere one way or another with the working of the water system which has been on the whole one of the redeeming features of the various Chicago city administrations for many years past.

The plans concerning the so proposed water meter deal are discussed elsewhere. What we desire to call attention to here is the fact that this is not the only scheme affecting our water supply now feeling its way through municipal circles. There is a high pressure water ordinance about which every thing does not appear to be quite satisfactory. There are some mysterious whisperings concerning it

the most disturbing of which are rumors that private corporations are concerned in it, that it may lead to a monopoly for the benefit of certain concerns and of certain cliques who would like to take the operation of the system out of the hands of the city. There are other disquieting rumors. All the facts in this connection should be ascertained and every safeguard thrown round the interests of the public and the taxpayers before going any further with these matters.

## JUSTICE GIBBONS' SAD LOSS.

Justice Walter J. Gibbons and his wife have the sincere sympathy of their many friends, and of the general public, in the sad bereavement which has come upon them through the untimely death of their daughter, Miss Marie Gibbons, who was accidentally drowned while bathing at Camp Lake, Wis., Monday afternoon. The sad circumstances of Miss Gibbons' death were intensified through the fact that it took place in full view of her mother and two brothers, the latter bravely but fruitlessly risking their lives in an effort to rescue her.

Miss Gibbons was a bright and charming young girl of sixteen, and was beloved by all who knew her. The Eagle tenders its sincere condolences to the afflicted parents and other relatives of the deceased.

The funeral services were held at St. Vincent's Church at 10 o'clock on Thursday morning, and were attended by a large concourse of people, who testified by their demeanor their sincere sympathy with the parents and relatives of the deceased.

Many friends and acquaintances of Justice and Mrs. Gibbons, and many of the friends, schoolmates and companions of the bright young girl whose life had been cut off in the bloom of youth, tendered personally their condolences.

Many letters and telegrams of the same nature were received during the past two days.

Beautiful floral offerings covered the casket and bier, several being of rare and highly appropriate design.

The interment was at Calvary, and the funeral was very largely attended. Throughout the obsequies the expression of sorrow and sympathy was universal.

## EAGLETS.

Should Miss Stone get \$70,000 out of Turkey she ought to start a bad debt collection bureau.

Some of us go up like the rocket and down like the stick; others are rained on before the date of the grand display.

And the alphabet shrieked when Alexander fell. At least it would have shrieked if it had foreseen the new Servian cabinet list.

King Peter says he is afraid it will be difficult for him to punish the slaves of Alexander. It is evident that Peter knows a ticklish job when he sees one.

Be not deceived. The timid damsel who shivers and clings to your arm during the fireworks display may positively refuse to consider you as a protector later on.

Thomas A. Edison has gone into politics, and the people of the Oranges are excited. They fear he will invent a new political machine which will battle the oldest experts. Oh, let it be soon!

Abdul Hamid, who lives in abject fear of assassination, insisted on being told that the king of Serbia died through an unfortunate accident. It would be a joke to kidnap the timid Sultan and make him spend a Fourth of July over here.

Count Boni de Castellane has been elected a member of the French chamber of deputies again. It seems necessary for Boni to get elected about every six weeks. No wonder the Gauls have to put up lots of money for his campaign expenses.

Small American towns and cities ought to be interested in a report made by the United States consul at Hamilton, Ontario, on the paving in that city. He says that tar-macadam roadways have been built in the business part of the town for sixty-eight cents a square yard, and that they are almost as good at the end of four years as when first made. Either asphalt or brick costs two or three times as much, and is not so durable.

One by one the treasures of the ancient world disappear. The campaign of St. Mark in Venice followed the example of the "one boss slay," and collapsed almost without warning, and now comes the news that Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper," in the convent of Santa Maria, Milan, is hopelessly ruined through the dampness and decay of the wall which it had adorned. Although it had frequently been repainted, one still felt, as he looked at it, that he was seeing the work of the great Italian. Hereafter one must be content with the sketches which Da Vinci made to guide him in his task of decorating the wall of the convent.

Physicians are calling attention to the alarming increase of pneumonia. Figures compiled by the health commissioner of Chicago show that in 1900 the disease stood side by side with consumption, as regards the number of deaths throughout the whole country, and that since then the mortality rate in the one has increased and in the other has fallen. Pneumonia, therefore, may now be said to have displaced the "great white plague" as the most terrible human scourge. Good evidence of the highly communicable character of pneumonia comes from Chicago, where thirty-eight cases occurred among the three hundred employees of the county treasurer's office, and eight resulted fatally. The evi-

dence of contagiousness is in one respect encouraging, for it will lead to the establishment of the same safeguards as those which have checked consumption.

There is a good deal of talk about Dr. Lorimer's salary. He preaches in New York. Boston wants him, having had a taste of his efficiency, and has offered him \$20,000 a year and a parsonage that is anything but a hut. It is a high-water mark salary, and causes discussion because there are people who do not believe that a minister of the Gospel should allow money to determine his location, or that any minister should be paid \$200 a week. There is a business side to it. The demands made on a modern minister are immense. He must be an orator, a thinker, a planner. He must have health, magnetism and that mysterious something that fills the pews, charges the very air with electricity, and makes the people treasure his words and support his projects. You cannot fix the cash value of that kind of a minister. He is worth whatever a church can afford to pay him, and if the sum is \$20,000 there isn't a shadow of a doubt that he will do his community \$20,000 worth of good.

They do some things better in Russia. The Standard Oil Company undertook to corner petroleum at Baku. A Rockefeller agent got control of all the rolling stock and sent the price up. All the visible supply was kept under perfect control until the railway authorities telegraphed to the imperial capital for instructions. An immediate reply was returned that if delivery were not ordered within twenty-four hours the tanks ready for haulage should be emptied on the railroad tracks and returned for fresh filling at Baku, subject to open market control. The corner in petroleum was convincingly broken and a repetition of the business so familiar in this part of the world was not attempted. Had the Sherman law been promptly and faithfully enforced from the time of its enactment the history of corners in the United States would be brief. We cannot afford to substitute despotism for democracy, but it is a humiliating comment on democracy that it has failed to prevent the erection of a despotism in commerce as absolute as that of the imperial government in Russia.

It is a fact that no witch was ever burned or put to death by fire in Salem or any other part of Massachusetts. How the impression that Cotton Mather and his associates had perpetrated that horror gained currency is inexplicable, but it has been floating around for generations, and in all probability will "go on forever." Salem was the scene of the trial, conviction and execution by hanging of persons accused of witchcraft, says the Washington Star. Gallows hill, the eminence on which the hangings occurred, is perhaps the most interesting show place in New England. It may be doubted if more sincere or conscientious men ever lived than Cotton Mather and his brethren. They went to the Bible for their authority, to the Mosiac law, omitting the Christian dispensation. That law told them, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Firmly believing in witchcraft and having no doubt that they had witches to deal with, what were they to do but to kill them? From their point of view they exercised great humanity in employing the gallows rather than the fagot.

Frequently one hears it said that such and such a word, if spoken before this or that man or woman, is like a red rag in front of a bull. Some of these inflaming words or phrases in political speech and writing are "protection," "free trade," "goldstandard," "equal suffrage," "prohibition," "liquor license," and "third term." Controversy has waged round the ideas for which they stand, and all the hard feelings aroused by angry dispute are recalled when the words are used. Men and women are in such strict bondage to words that it is difficult to get at the merits of a question in discussion with them, if any of the "quarrel words" are used. The wise man, therefore, avoids such words and makes use of others, less worn, when he desires his views on controverted subjects to receive a respectful hearing. There are words of allurement, also, which tactful speakers employ to gain the good-will of their hearers. The discerning man who sees through words to the things they stand for is seldom excited by the quarrel words, and is not often allured by the enticement of empty compliments. He does his own thinking, as Emerson advised the young men of Harvard to do, when he told them that Plato and other notable thinkers, at the time they were evolving their theories, were young men in libraries, and held no patent on the right to reach independent conclusions. The inclination to let others do one's thinking is first cousin to the willingness to sit in bondage to mere words. There is no place for either of the cousins in the intellectual outfit of the men and women who lead in the work of the world.

It is better to have the microscope reveal the blue clay in a "coffee berry" than to await the tardy revelations of the disordered digestive apparatus. A man's stomach may stand the blue clay for years without serious protest, but the gastric juices will not labor with it always. The process of waiting for an intestinal rebellion is too slow for modern methods of warfare upon impure food. This is the very sound and sensible position taken by Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture. The microscope is now playing such an important part in exposing food frauds that the secretary has finally established a microscopic laboratory where all varieties of imported foods are examined before being submitted to the chemical tests and analyses in the chemical division. The revelations already made under the new regulations adopted by Congress are astonishing. Coffee berries, artistically shaped and browned, are found that consist of chicory, starch and other ingredients, and when ground present the appearance and give off the aroma of coffee.

The coconut adulterations disclosed by the microscope are said to be even more remarkable and more deceptive than the coffee adulterations. By means of the photo-microscope camera for picturing adulterants and disease bacteria and the microtone for cutting articles of food into infinitesimal pieces it is possible now to detect almost any food sophistication that may be attempted. Judging by frequent disclosures on the part of chemists, health bureaus and State food inspectors, Secretary Wilson has a great task before him, and it is gratifying to note the completeness of his preparations for the work.

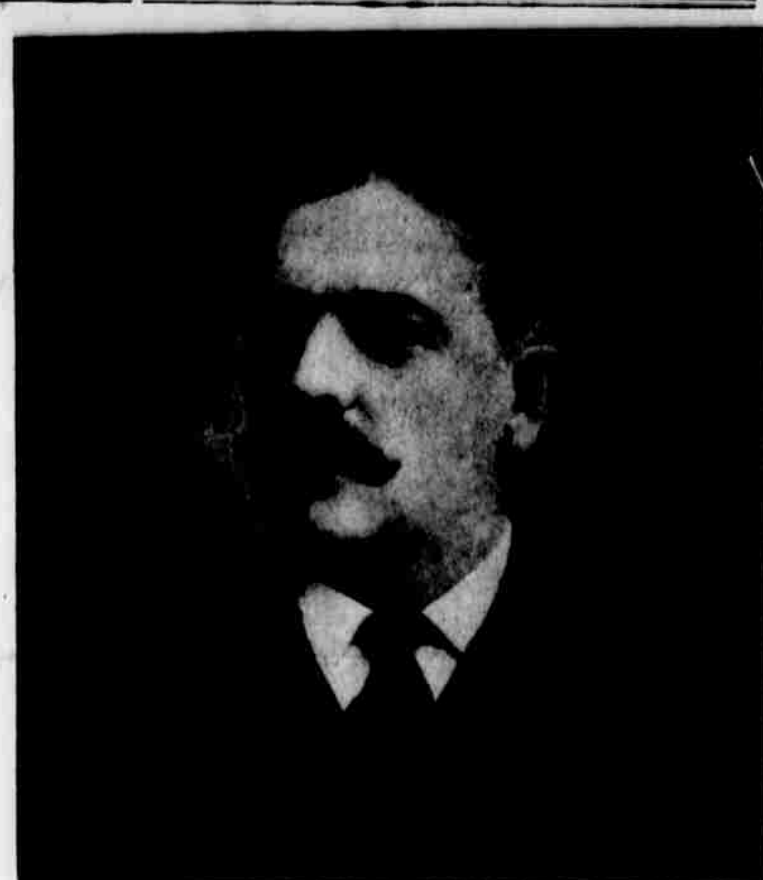
It is not generally known that John W. Guiteau, brother of Charles J. Guiteau, who shot Garfield, is in many respects the greatest statistician in the world. Guiteau is a veritable crank on figures, but his crankiness is very profitable. Just now the government is under contract to pay him \$25,000 for certain tabulations. The big insurance companies are his profitable clients. Guiteau is the only man who has succeeded in getting inside the books of Dun's and Bradstreet's commercial agencies. It was he who gave out the startling statement that the books of these companies contained but 3 per cent of the names that were there twenty years ago! What a pathetic story of the premature deaths and business failures of twenty years. But here is more of the same sort! Guiteau says that of the men of this country who live to be 60 years of age 80 out of every 100 are absolutely dependent upon others for a living. That is an appalling revelation. Of every 1,000 human beings that with precious argosies set buoyant sail 800 are wrecked on the shoals of business failure. Failure! Eight of every ten who fight in the business arena bite the sawdust. For men do fight to-day as they fought in the arena at Rome and Antioch. And 80 of the 100 are carried out dead or defeated. Why? Because of competition. Because of extravagance, bad habits and many other things. But largely, because of speculation. Read the list of the victims of the get-rich-quick swindles at New Orleans and St. Louis. Men, women and children—all were trying to get something for nothing. And there is gambling on the board of trade where the maelstrom swallows men alive. The wheat pit is only thirty feet across. But it has swallowed whole fleets of business cargoes. It is only a few feet deep, but it has let thousands of souls down to Hades! The man who is doing well becomes dissatisfied. He reasons: "I work like a slave and save a few dollars. So and so makes dollars where I make cents. He runs the risk. Why should I not venture?" And before he knows it he is in deep water and unable to swim. We are a nation of speculators. The craving for wealth becomes a disease. Men are money drunk. This is not rhetoric. It is fact. Government and insurance companies pay men like Guiteau large sums of money for disclosing this real history. He who runs may read it.

Once upon a time a boy drifted away from the teachings of a good mother and got into bad company. It is a strange characteristic of the tangle that he is not satisfied with being tough. He wants to spread the contagion, to extend his meanness to make other boys as bad as himself. And he finds many converts. So the boy who figures in this editorial learned to lie, to pilfer, to drink, to curse and all these things were hailed as virtues in the small circle in which he had been initiated. At heart he wasn't a bad fellow, but he was weak. Finally, he was caught stealing, and was sent to the penitentiary for one year. He did a lot of thinking. In his little stone cell he discovered that the way of the transgressor is always hard, and the one mighty resolve he made was, "I will be good." He meant it, too. He had a foolish notion that he could walk out of prison one day, begin at the spot where he took the wrong road, look the world in the face and start anew. When the term was ended he walked out into God's sunlight and went to work. The bad thoughts were gone, the bad living was only a memory, and he went to work almost happy. He got a job as brakeman, and did his duty as a man who owed society nothing beyond what had been paid behind the gray walls of the great prison. Society, as a whole, never quite forgives a human being for a crime. There is always a some one to give the struggling man a kick in the face when he needs a helping hand. The anonymous letter writer got in his deadly work. "You have an ex-convict in your employ," was the burden of the missive, and it reached the mark and lost the young brakeman his place. Men do not like to work with ex-convicts, if they know it. There is a sneaking feeling that the fellow who has been in the "pen" isn't fit to associate with free men, and nobody cares to go into details. Yes, they discharged the penitentiary brakeman, and in the books of hell a long fiery credit mark was set down to the cur who wrote the anonymous letter. The young man? The last heard of him he was idle, trying to remain honest with the road to ruin wide open and the narrow way to respectability almost barred.

The novels that have been most popular in the last year in England represent a rather marked departure from the general taste that had prevailed for several years. Apparently our English cousins have not only eschewed in great measure the historical romance that has so long maintained its sway there, as in this country, but their preference of the last year denotes that the literature of gloom is again in the ascendant. It may be said for the historical romance that, while it was frequently meretricious in the kind of entertainment it served up, it was at least unimpeachable as to its moral effect. On the other hand, the non-historical novels that have met with a cordial reception this year in England are, broadly speaking, of quite a different character. The note is the note of depression rather than that of optimism. It would be a one-sided attitude, a narrow theory of art,

the soul of man is already oversteered. What is the pleasure one takes in the clever execution of such pictures of human experience compared with the satisfaction that one feels in the novel wherein is encountered on every page the presence of one who desires to lift the load of humanity as well as ably describe it? It is the quality of sympathy that, after all, counts the most in novel writing, and without it the story treating of the bitterness of mundane things is seldom truly worth the reading.

Often a man spends more for firecrackers than he could get for his vote. About as often, also, he puts more patriotism in the Fourth than he does in the ballot box.



HON. FRED H. ROWE,

The Able and Popular Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee.

to hold that fiction should only treat of human happiness. Misery, the irony of circumstance, the million defects of civilization and their tangle in the fluence on the individual soul, are all too well known, too obviously facts to permit of their being ignored in the novel of realities. The writer of stories must perforce accept the material of life. It is the smallness of heart, the lack of the higher charities of truth, portraying in the fiction of the present that impairs its worth. One receives hardly more than a cold-photographic record of life, a comfortless reiteration of the wisdom with which

When it is here remarked that the male American is declaring symptoms of dawning effeminacy no occasion is offered for indignant reprobation. The average American has so much thorough masculinity that he can spare enough to dower a less vigorous people. What is meant is that the natural reaction to the paramountcy of the American girl has set in. As she shares the pursuits, the pleasures and the liberties of her brothers and imposes her commands upon them she becomes more masculine, they more feminine; her shoulders square off, theirs begin to slope. She dons the

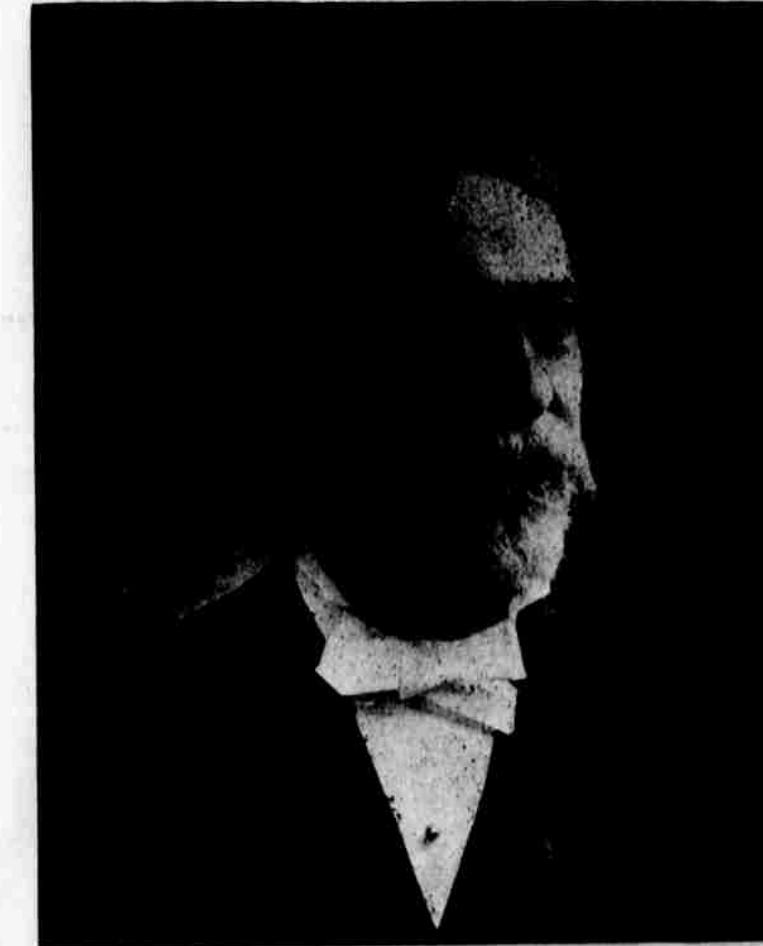


HON. B. A. ECKHART,

The Highly Respected President of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association.

sweater and the blazer and wears her skirts shorter and shorter; they take to pink shirtwaists and clocked open work stockings, and their ever baggier trousers, worn so long that they have to be turned up at the bottom, seem fashioned on a seraglio pattern.

Often a man spends more for firecrackers than he could get for his vote. About as often, also, he puts more patriotism in the Fourth than he does in the ballot box.



HON. GEORGE MASON,

Whose Reappointment as Member of the Bridewell Board Meets with Approval.